

# Brothers In Arms

Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

Gently  $\text{♩} = 80$

E F#

These mist co-vered moun - tains - are a home now for

p

B Bsus4 B Dm/A G#m D#m

me but my home is the low - lands

E F#sus4 F#

and al - ways will be some day you'll re - turn -



— to — your val - leys and your farms



and you'll no lon - ger burn to be bro-thers in arms.—



Through these fields of de - struc - tion —

*mf*

bap - ti - sm's of fi - re  
 and the moon's ri - ding high

I've watched all your suf -  
 let me bid you —

fer - ing —  
 fare - well —

as the bat - tle raged higher  
 eve - ry man has to die

and though they did hurt  
 but it's writ - ten in the

me so bad —  
 star - light —

in the fear  
 and ev - ery line

and a -  
 on your

alarm palm

you did not de - sert me  
 we're fools to make war on

my bro - thers — in arms.  
 our bro - thers — in arms.

*To Coda ♫*

*(Guitar solo)*

There's so many different worlds. so many different

suns and we have just one world

but we live in different ones.

*Guitar solo*

G♯m                      F♯

*D.S. al Coda*

Now the sun's gone to hell—

*CODA*

F♯sus4                      F♯

G♯m                      E

C♯m7                      E

*Guitar solo*  
*Ad lib. Guitar solo to FADE*

*mf*

C♯m7                      G♯m

E

C♯m                      E                      F♯                      G♯m

E                              C♯m7

*Repeat to FADE*